

Think about a work of literature in which the primary rhythmical patterns incarnated therein are natural/empirical and in which those patterns constitute--from the point of view of the fictional characters resident therein--a creative/productive temporal structure for example Le Père Goriot of Honoré de Balzac [Consider in particular the final scene of the novel. Pere Goriot has been buried in Père-Lachaise. Christophe has left the cemetery and Eugène Rastignac is left alone. The final lines of Balzac's Le Père Goriot are as follows: "He [Rastignac] went a few paces farther, to the highest point of the cemetery, and looked out over Paris and the windings of the Seine. The lamps were beginning to shine on the other side of the river. His eyes turned almost eagerly to the space between the column of the Place Vendôme and the cupola of the Invalides--there lay the shining world that he had wished to reach. He glanced over that humming hive, seeming to draw a foretaste of its honey, and said magniloquently: 'Henceforth there is war between us.' ¶ And by way of throwing down the glove to society, Rastignac went to dine with Madame de Nucingen." ] When and where in the Western world in the course of the thousand-year period beginning in 900 A.D. did the conscious analytical mind of man bring into existence a great many autonomous-aesthetic phenomena in which the primary rhythmical patterns incarnated therein are natural/empirical and in which those patterns constitute for the fictional characters in question creative/productive temporal structures? Think about a work of literature in which the primary rhythmical patterns incarnated therein are natural/empirical and in which those patterns do not constitute--from the point of view of the fictional characters resident in that world--a creative/productive temporal structure for example Uncle Vanya of Anton Chekhov [Serebryakov: "Damned, detestable old age... All your life you work for art, you get accustomed to your study, to your audience, to the esteem of your venerable colleagues... and suddenly, for no conceivable reason, you find yourself in a mausoleum..."/ Voinitski: "I'm forty-seven years old now... I'm so annoyed and resentful at how stupidly I've let time slip by, when I might have had everything that is now denied me in my old age!"/ Yelena: "I'm dying of boredom, I don't know what to do with myself. It's already September. How will we ever live through the winter here!"/ Astrov: "Yes... In the course of the last ten years I've become another man. You know why? I'm overworked, Marina. I'm on my feet from morning till night, I get no rest.